

## Satyrian

### "Fall From Grace"

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Be aware,  
That never wakes.  
Fell from heaven of the soulless saints.

As the scarlet moonlight's flaming ray,  
He had stolen from the light of thee,  
Fall from grace  
Of London days.  
Fall from grace -  
Forthcoming fate.

And she rode on Serpent's Hill,  
Where always dreadful wind blows deadly chill,  
Towards the world that wails beneath.

As the scarlet moonlight's flaming ray,  
He had stolen from the light of thee,  
Fall from grace  
Of London days.  
Fall from grace -  
Forthcoming fate.

I shall fire  
Beyond this light and to the heaven.  
Across the Earth and through the dark fires,  
Into the temples, the temples of desires.  
I shall fire  
Beyond this light and to the heaven.

Fall from grace  
Of London days.  
Fall from grace,  
Fall from grace -  
Forthcoming fate.  
Fall from grace,  
Fall from grace,  
Fall from grace.

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